[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 31.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 2, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

FROM THE ELECTICK REVIEW.

MEMOIR OF MISS CAROLINE SYMMONS.

THIS surprising young lady was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Symmons, D.D. In the bloom of corporeal and mental accomplishments, she was prematurely snatched away at the age of fourteen. Mr. Wrangham, an English poet, associates the history of this uncommonly gifted young female with that of Jarius's daughter. There was, among other coincidences, which we may suppose, an equality of age, and a similarity, no doubt, in the workings of parental grief and filial affection. A supernatural resurrection, like that of Jarius's daughter, was not to be expected. But he, who said, *Damsel, arise!* though he sees fit not to raise up departed worth at our solicitations and tears, will one day raise it up to himself.

We transcribe some of the ingenious productions of this prodigy of poesy; and transplant, from their native lovely bed, some blossoms of an infant female genius, which would not dishonour the brow of a veteran of Parnassus. The following, it appears, was written when she was but eleven years of age.

THE FLOWER GIRL'S CRY.

"Come buy my wood hare-bells, my cow-slips come buy!
O take my carnations and jessamines sweet:
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die.
All snatched, like myself, from their native retreat.

"O ye, who in pleasure and luxury live,
Whose bosoms would sink beneath half my sad woes;
Ah! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor ROSE.

"Yet once were my days happy, sweet, and serene;
And once have I tasted the balm of repose:
But now on my cheek meagre famine is seen,
And anguish prevails in the bosom of ROSE.

"Then buy my wood hare-bells, my cow-slips come buy!
O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet:
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes, should die,
All snatched, like myself, from their native retreat."

We shall give another specimen, and take our leave of this "gentle spirit" with her beautiful lines "*On a Blighted Rose-bud*," which were to be, and perhaps have been, inscribed on her own tomb; an application probably little expected by her at the time of writing them!

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

"Scarce had thy velvet-lips imbibed the dew,
And nature hailed thee infant queen of MAY;

Scarce saw thy op'ning bloom the sun's broad ray,
And to the air thy tender fragrance threw :

"When the north wind enamouredof thee grew,
And by his cold, rude kiss thy charms decay.
Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing hue ;
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay.

"So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy,
Her mind arrayed in innocency's vest ;
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast.
She fades—The parent, sisters, friend deplore
The charms and budding virtues now no more."

The following little anecdotes deserve mention as evincing the force of her attachment to poetical pursuits. She declared there was no personal sacrifice of face or form, however prized by her sex, which she would not make, to have been the author of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. And one morning, when returning home from undergoing a very painful operation, by Ware, the occulist ; and when, in consequence, some apprehension was entertained of her loss of an eye, she declared, with a smile, that, to be a MILTON, she would consent to be deprived like him of both eyes. Fervent as was her thirst for poetical excellence, we are happy that it did not impair her inclination for religious exercises.—On this view of her character, Mr. W. throws a cheering light in the following paragraph :

"Not less remarkable than the beauties of her person, the elegance of her taste, the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart, was her steadfast and humble piety. Through the whole of her illness, she was constant in her devotions ; and, when the extreme weakness and emaciation, occasioned by her malady, made the posture of kneeling (long painful) at length impracticable, she deeply regretted the circumstance, as disqualifying her for offering her adorations in a suitable manner.—With such a disposition, it will not be matter of surprise that her behaviour, at all times exemplary, in the hours immediately preceding her dissolution should have been admirable. Not a single complaint fell from her lips. Even on the last morning of her earthly existence, when she had expressed to her mind a wish to die, she instantly corrected herself, and said—"No, it is sinful to wish for death ; I will not wish for it."

SELECTIONS FOR THE VISITANT.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

HOSPITALITY.

A French refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an entire stranger to him, who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay !" she cried, "you are lost if you go forward." "And I am lost if I return," he answered. "Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighbouring church ; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality had he been at home ; and she hastened to conceal him in an outhouse, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme dan-

ger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement wakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" The girl dexterously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for——" Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more; the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scacely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions. The second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty, yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror, and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life—at others he accused her of forgetting him—in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousands times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the Chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness he has not the power to answer—She believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explaining the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled she quitted him, but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the church doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the Church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an Emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his neice had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault however remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the neice of of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the doors of the Church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her stedfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions, and the instant a favourable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb he gained the country, and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and

affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.

CHARACTERS.

From a work entitled, "*Micro-Cosmgoraphy, or a Piece of the World Characterized,*" first published in 1628, we extract the following.

A MEDDLING MAN

Is one that has nothing to do with his business, and yet no man busier than he, and his business is most in his face. He is one who thrusts himself violently into all employments, unsent for, unfeed, and many times unthanked, and his part in it is only an eager bustling, that rather keeps ado than does any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affair, and listen with both ears and look earnestly; and then it is nothing so much your's as his. He snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cries 'Give it me,' and does it worse, and lays an engagement upon you too, and you must thank him for this pains. He lays you down a hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by per force, and he delivers them with a serious and counselling forehead, and there is a great deal more wisdom in his forehead than in his head. He will woo for you, solicit for you, and woo you to suffer him; and scarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himself is not seen, if he have no task in it else: he will rail yet on some side, and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thoroughly weigh any business, but are forward only to shew their zeal, when many times this forwardness spoils it, and then they cry 'they have done what they can,' that is, as much hurt. Wise men still deprecate these men's kindnesses, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone, as being one trouble more in all business, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

A MERE COMPLIMENTAL MAN

Is one to be held off still at the same distance you are now; for you shall have him but thus, and if you venture on him further, you lose him. Methinks Virgil well expresses him in those well-behaved ghosts that Æneas met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but if he grasped them but air. He is one that lies kindly to you, and for good fashion's sake, and 'tis discourtesy in you to believe him. His words are but so many fine phrases set together, which serve equally for all men and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man puts him to the same part again, and he goes over to you: what he said to him was last with him: he kisses your hands as he kissed his before, and is your servant to be commanded, but you shall intreat of him nothing. His proffers are universal and general, with exceptions against all particulars: he will do any thing for you; but if you urge him to this, he cannot; or to that, he is engaged; but he will do any thing. Promises he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectatoin of your manners, not to exact them: if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot distinguish betwixt what is spoken and what is meant. No man gives better satisfaction at the first, and comes off more with the eulogy of a kind gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most rail at him that have before most commended him. The best is, he cozens you in a fair manner, and abuses you with great respect.

A SELF-CONCEITED MAN

Is one that knows himself so well that he does not know himself. Two excellent well dones have undone him: and he is guilty, that first commended him to madness. He is now become his own book, which he pores on continually, yet like a truant reader skips over the harsh places, and surveys only that which is pleasant. In the speculation of his own good parts, his eyes, like a drunkard's see all double, and his fancy, like an old man's spectacles, make a greater letter in a small print. He imagines every place where he

comes his theatre, and not a look stirring, but his spectator; and conceives mens's thoughts to be very idle, that is, busy about him. His walk is still in the fashion of a march and like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes most fixed upon his own person, or on others with reflection to himself If he have done any thing that has past with applause, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extacy his hearers were in at every period. His discourse is all positions, and definitive decrees, with 'thus it must be,' and 'thus it is,' and he will not humble his authority to prove it. His tenant is always singular and aloof from the vulgar as he can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He has an excellent humour for an Heretick, and in these days made the first Arminian. He prefers Ramus before Aristotle, and Paracelsus before Galen, and whosoever with most paradox is commended, and Lipsius his hopping stile, before either Tully or Quintilian. He much pities the world, that has no more insight in his parts when he is too well discovered, even to his very thought. A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he knows before, and yet he loves him too, because he is like himself. Men are merciful to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out; his own bitter enemy, and discontent presently makes a murtherer. In sum, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ELEGY ON THE POPLAR.

Why murmurs through thee the soft breeze?
  Why trembles with fear ev'ry leaf?
Why so mournful, thou fairest of trees,
  And so overshadow'd with grief?

How cheerful those horse-chesnuts wave,
  Their blossoms so airy display!
Where's the pleasure the poplar once gave?
  Ah, now 'tis all vanish'd away.

The birds in thy branches are mute,
  The fair now no more court thy shade;
The axe is employ'd at thy root,
  And prostrate, alas, art thou laid.

Thy green now no more cheers the town,
  The sun almost burns in the street;
In thoughtless, blind hurry cut down,
  Thy branches are trod under feet.

Is this for an innocent worm?
  Is this the destruction 't has made?
'Tis not capable, sure of such harm,
  It cannot such wide havock spread.

No, no, superstition now rules,
  And all grasp her wild, airy schemes:
How she leads the blind, credulous fools,
  And amuses with fanciful dreams.

So lunatics in a clear sky,
  Imagine there's gath'ring a storm;
Or behold an inanimate fly,
  And think it a poisonous worm.

Come quickly, oh, thrice happy age,
  When away superstition shall flee,
And ignorance lose all its rage
  It retains for my poor poplar-tree.

SEMIRUS.

MR. POOL,

The following Song from the pen of that celebrated writer, *Thomas Moore*, esq. is so beautifully expressive of that simplicity and elegance of style, that purity of thought, and imagery, which characterize the author, that I think your readers will not be displeased at seeing it fill a place in the VISITANT. *Your's &c.* A. B.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around
To sigh one moment at her feet.

O, tell me where's her sainted home?
What air receives her blessed sigh!
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam,
To catch one sparkle from her eye.

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies;
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me thro' my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true:
To make one maid sincere and fair,
O, 'tis the utmost heaven can do!

RESIGNATION.

The rose has its thorns, and the vi'let tho' fair,
From its sweet purple leaves deadly poison supplies;
And when bright is the sky, soft and gentle the air,
How oft unexpected a storm will arise.
Yet who would, thro' fear, pass unnotic'd the rose?
Or shun the perfume of the vi'let's sweet breath?
Or shrink from the air, while the mild zephyr blows,
Lest a cloud, yet unseen, scatter tempest and death?

The thorn of the rose, when 'tis gathered with care,
Has seldom been known the possessor to wound;
And the peasant scarce shudders the tempest to bear,
Rememb'ring the verdure it pours on the ground.
The poison conceal'd in the sweet vi'let's leaves,
Lies harmless till forc'd into action by art;
And the sorrows of life which mild patience receives,
Have lost half their power to tortire the heart.

Bloom on lovely rose, modest violet bloom,
Unhurt by the tempest, undrench'd by the rain;
Yet a canker, alas, may thy beauty consume,
And scatter thy withering leaves on the plain.
But thy thorn is forgot, while we think on thy sweets,
The tempest not dreaded, while clear is the sky,
And the heart which, resign'd, stern calamity meets,
Thinks on blessings receiv'd, and represses the sigh.

PUN.

A person of the name of Porter, being intoxicated, was asked by a friend what he had been about, "Oh," said he, "I have only been turning a little *Gin* into *Porter*."

MORAL.

People in general are much more busily employed in seeking earthly gains, than in preparing for eternity! and appear more anxious for a seat in a high station in life, than for a seat in Paradise! When I look around me on the pleasures and vanity of the world, it puts me in mind of mortality—for every thing seems to be frail and subject to change. It is witnessed o Xerxes, that he caused himself to be seated on an eminence from whence he could at once take a view of his vast armies, and of the ocean at an immense distance, covered with ships. That, after having attentively viewed them, he could not forbear weeping, that in the short space of an hundred years, not one of all that vast multitude but would be sleeping in the dust! Yes; of the innumerable multitudes of the human race, who are now on the earth, at the close of the present century not one of us shall be any where to be found.—Why then be so anxious for the things of this world? For if pleasure be the lot of man, it must be in something beyond the grave, for on this side constant experience tells us, all is vanity! What folly then to spend our days in the pursuit of that, which, like a shadow, is fleeing before us! Why not remember the great end for which we were made, and act up to the dignity of our station in the universe? Instead of spending our time in an unprofitable manner, let us strive to make our lives useful to ourselves and to others. "While we are among men let us cultivate humanity." Let us not live to ourselves, but to HIM who made us. Let us, "by a patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality."

The Volume of Nature is the Book of Knowledge; and he becomes most wise who makes the best selection.

EPITAPH.

From a Stone in Concord Burying-place.

GOD
wills us free;
MAN
wills us slaves:
I will as God wills,
God's will be done.
Here lies the body of
JOHN JACK,
a native of Africa, who died
March 1773,
aged about 60, years.
Tho' born in a land of slaves,
He was born free:
Tho' he liv'd in a land of Liberty,
He liv'd a slave!
Till by his honest, tho' stolen labours,
He acquired the source of slavery,
which gave him freedom:
tho' not long before
Death, the grand tyrant,
gave him his final emancipation,
and set him on a footing with Kings.
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practised those virtues
without which
KINGS are but SLAVES.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"To note the passing tidings of the times."

SALEM, JULY 26—AUGUST 2, 1806.

26. The differences between the United States and the Barbary powers being completely adjusted, the U. S. armed vessels have been ordered to quit their stations in the Mediterranean, and return to America.

28. A late statement of the literary labors of Europe gives, in 1805, of new works, 800 to England, 1150 to France, and 4615 to Germany. The great number of Novels is well known. Says a writer, "Many books, but few good ones. Romances and plays innumerable." [*Register.*

29. A letter received by a respectable gentleman of Baltimore, from his friend in London, states, "Between this country and the United States, it is understood that every thing is far advanced in an amicable adjustment."

Jerome Bonaparte, is said to have declared it to be his intention, to strike some blow, before he returned to France, that should immortalize his name. Then, says he, when the Emperor shall applaud my conduct and say, "Jerome, what shall I give you to reward you for your bravery? I shall answer, "*Sire*, give me my *wife*—she is the greatest gift you can bestow upon me, and if you give me her, you will make me happy."—But, says he, if he will not give me my wife, but still persist in refusing to acknowledge her, I will go home, (calling America his home) and never think more of leaving her.—If these be really his intentions, they do him honor; they prove him to possess a heart capable of feeling as a *man*.—But,

"*O, what a very fine thing 'tis to be* brother-*in-law*,
"*To a very magnificent three-tail'd bashaw.*"

30. An article from Algiers, dated March 10, says—"At this moment the cries of death are resounding from different quarters of this city. The prime minister, the master of the horse, the secretary of state, the chief inspector of slaves, and four other persons, have been strangled."

Ticket No. 28,205, highest prize ($25,000) in the Literature Lottery, New-York, was owned by James Arden, esq. and others.

AUG. 1. Accounts from Trinidad, mention the arrival of Miranda there; and that he was about to renew his attack on the Carracas.

We have a report from the Carracas, that *eight* of the persons taken in Miranda's schooners, died in prison; that all the officers *(fifteen)* had been sentenced to be hung; and that the privates were released.

DIED,

In Kingston, (Eng.) Mr. T. Lloyd, 2nd lieut. of the Dreadnought man of war:—While on a party of pleasure with some other officers, in the height of good humor he requested his companions to go with him to the church yard and see a spot where he should like to have his body interred. They went; and though in apparent good health at the time, he was taken with a complaint in the bowels, died a few hours after, and was interred in the spot he had pointed out.

In Lexington, (Ken.) Mr. John Falling, killed in an *extraordinary* duel with Mr. James Vann, his brother-in-law:—In consequence of a dispute, they agreed to meet half way between their own houses—they met with their seconds, all armed with muskets and pistols:—When they appeared in sight of each other, they galloped up so near that their horses heads were touching, when they fired nearly at the same instant—The contents of Vann's musket, *thirty rifle bullets*, entered the breast of Falling, and he fell dead from his horse—Vann's coat was burnt with the powder of Falling's musket.

In this town, suddenly, Mr. Jonathan Gavet, æt. 75.

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